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IRELAND'S WEALTH.

Oh do not call our country poor,
Though Commerce shuns her coast;
For still the isle hath treasures more
Than other lands can boast.

She hath glorious hills and mighty streams,
With wealth of wave and mine,
And fields that pour their riches forth
Like Plenty's chosen shrine.

She hath hands that never shrink from toil,
And hearts that never yield,
Who reap the harvests of the world
In corn or battle field.

She hath blessings from her far dispersed
O'er all the earth and seas,
Whose love can never leave her—yet
Our land hath more than these.

Her's is the light of genius bright,
Among her children still;
It shines on all her darkest homes,
Or wildest heath and hill.

For there the isle's immortal lyre
Sent forth its mightiest tone;
And starry names arose that far
On distant ages shone.

And want among her huts hath been;
But never from them past
The stranger's welcome, or the hearts
That freely gave their last.

She hath mountains of eternal green,
And vales for love and health,
And the beautiful and true of heart—
Oh these are Ireland's wealth!

And she is rich in hope, which blest
Her gifted ones and brave,
Who loved her well, for she had nought
To give them but a grave.

Through all her clouds and blasted years,
That star hath never set;
Will not our land arise and shine
Among the nations yet?

F. B.

EXTRAORDINARY DETECTION OF MURDER.

NO. II.

SCARCELY the most youthful reader needs now to be informed that for an indefinite period our country has unfortunately seldom been without bands of misguided men, more or less numerous, combined for illegal purposes, and who have from time to time wrought much ruin and misery to themselves and others, whether they went under the denomination of rapparees, defenders, peep-o'-day-boys, steelboys, whiteboys, united Irishmen, carders, houghers, thrashers or ribbonmen, the last of the species—may they prove the last indeed! The manifold causes that produced those lawless and destructive combinations the nature of this Journal wisely precludes us from meddling with; their objects were perfectly apparent. We therefore pass both by with a single remark, namely, that since the disastrous and desolating insurrection and invasion of '98, there has been no person of weight or property connected with any of the numerous confederacies that have continued unceasingly to distract the country, with the exception of that which involved the fate of the wild but amiable visionary Robert Emmett—certainly not in Connaught; nor would it appear that in any one of them since was any serious opposition to government contemplated. In fact, the conspirators being, with but few exceptions, invariably of the very lowest class, their object, however guilty, was limited to the obtaining of personal advantage, the gratification of private revenge, or petty opposition to tithes and the local authorities.

In 1806, the combinators were designated in Connaught, *thrashers*. Their vengeance seemed to be chiefly wreaked on the haggards of such gentlemen or middlemen as excited the wrath or suspicions of the brotherhood; and frequently, where at evening had been seen a large and well-filled haggard,

nought was visible in the morning but empty space, the wasted grain and the *then* valuable hay being scattered over the adjacent fields and roads, often to a considerable distance.

Tirawley, the northern barony of Mayo, was at this period infested with a gang of thrashers of peculiar daring and activity, the most prominent of whom was Murtagh Lavan, usually termed "Murty the Shaker," a *soubriquet* which he derived from his remarkable dexterity in scattering the contents of the various haggards; and for a considerable period this reckless gang was a terror to the entire barony. But there is, fortunately, neither union nor faith among the wicked. After having been the principal in numberless acts of destruction and lawlessness, Murty became a private informer against guilty and innocent, in consequence of the large rewards offered by government for the detection of the offenders, and had given in the names of a large number of accomplices, as well as of those who he knew were likely to be suspected, when his career was cut short by a violent death.

Secretly as his informations were given, it appears it was discovered that he had become an informer; and in consequence, a band of the most desperate of his former accomplices planned and accomplished his murder in a singularly daring manner. His wife and himself were guests at a christening when he was called out: she followed him, and in her presence he was assailed by a number of blackened and partly armed men, one of whom felled him with a hatchet like an ox in the slaughter-house. He was never allowed to rise, for the others trampled on him when down, and struck him with various weapons. The wretched woman fled into a corner, and remained there an unharmed spectator of the whole murderous scene, and, what has rarely occurred in similar circumstances, without making any attempt to fling herself between her husband and the murderers.

Immediately on information being forwarded to the government of the audacious murder of the informer, proclamations offering large rewards for the discovery and conviction of the perpetrators were issued; great activity was exhibited by the magistrates and the yeomanry, put under permanent pay, as is well remembered in the localities where they were stationed, the inhabitants of which were soon left minus their geese and hens with miraculous rapidity, after the arrival of their *defenders*. The yeomen! God forgive us: dark as is our theme, so strangely does levity mingle with gloom and even with sorrow in our national temperament, that a host of humorous recollections come rushing on us, called up by the name, as we recal our boyish enjoyment in witnessing some of their inspections. Their motley dress—their arms—the suggaun often binding a dislocated gun—and their discipline—oh, their discipline! Why, reader, believe us or not as you please, we knew of a captain of yeomanry standing in front of his corps, during an inspection of all the yeomen in the district by a distinguished general officer, with his drawn sword held with great gallantry in his *left* hand, till his serjeant-major besought him in a whisper to change it to the other hand, until the general should have passed him. But we say *avaunt* to the evil temptation that has beset us at so awkward a time, to descant on yeomanry frolics, though we promise the readers of the Journal a laugh at them on some more fitting occasion.

Five of the murderers were apprehended and executed together in 1806; and, some years afterwards, one of them, named M'Ginty, whose troubled conscience would not permit him to remain in England, whither he had fled after the commission of the crime, and who was apprehended the very night after his return to this country, died a fearful death. Indeed, in our experience of public executions we never witnessed a more terrible one. He was a man of a large, athletic frame, and when on the lapboard ramped about with frightful violence, got his fingers several times between the rope and his neck, and attempted to pull down the temporary beam, and drag out the executioner with him, the latter of which objects he nearly effected. He spurned at all exertions to induce him to forgive his prosecutors and captors, and was in the act of denouncing vengeance against them, dead or alive, when he was flung off.

We remember a curious point was saved in this man's favour after conviction, when an arrest of judgment was moved on the ground that the principal evidence against him (an accomplice) was himself, after having been tried, and sentenced to capital punishment, and, therefore, being dead in law, could not be received as a competent witness. The objection was, however, overruled by the judges in Dublin, on